

# Rêvenance

A Zine of Hauntings from Underground Histories

Issue No. 3

January 2018 (A.Da. 102, A.H. 188)



## Featuring

**The Dead:** Alphonse Allais / Théophile Gautier / Philothée O'Neddy / Gérard de Nerval / Thomas Hood / Célestin Nanteuil / Amable Tastu / Achille Devéria / Auguste Maquet / Alphonse Karr / Monte-Naken / Alboize de Pujol / Clarence G. Allen / Agnes Lee

**The Living:** Olchar E. Lindsann / Jim Leftwich / Sam Richards  
/ Retorico Unentesi / Mr. Thursday

*Rêvenance* is dedicated to the forgotten or untold histories of 19th Century avant-garde and dissenting countercultures. It promotes historiography practiced as game, as activism, as trans-generational collaboration, as communal memory, which running athwart the academic, refusing to describe history as finished, which does not stand apart to observe its object from a distance, in the posture of false 'objectivity' which Power always assumes. Instead: a *committed* historiography, which does not stand outside the stream of time or apart from its object: intellectual and precise, yet ludic and multi-form, one moment manifest as an essay, the next as a poem. A historiography created *within* the utopian fringe, and for the same community, responsive to our changing conditions, needs, and desires. A historiography that *we take personally*, merging imperceptibly into experiments in daily life, social praxis, and thought.

The journal is closely integrated with the Revenant Archive of roughly 500 books, prints, manuscripts, and personal items from the 19<sup>th</sup> Century avant-garde, and much of the material is drawn from the archive's material. The journal explores forgotten and newly-discovered histories of avant-garde, radical activist, utopian, and other underground countercultures. While the primary focus is on the 19th Century, earlier and later material is also welcome, and contributions directly connecting counter-cultural movements and strategies across time are particularly encouraged. The primary goal is to explore histories, communities, and themes that are not consistently represented elsewhere. *Rêvenance* seeks to develop a commu-

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Aug., A.Da. 101  
A.H. 187  
2017 A.D.



nity of independent DIY researchers who see historical work as part of a communal praxis directed toward contemporary and future change; it is a laboratory in which countercultural history is transmuted, reflected and disseminated in the current lifestyle, writing, music, art, and thought of present-day communities of dissent or otherness.

**mOnocle-Lash Anti-Press**

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*Many of the source texts are available online at [gallica.bnf.fr](http://gallica.bnf.fr) and/or at [archive.org](http://archive.org).*

**Cover image by Olchar E. Lindsann**, collaged from: Célestin Nanteuil, *Portrait of Théophile Gautier* (1838) & *Gargantua* (c.1840-50), David d'Angers & Edmond Lechevallier-Chevignard, *Medallion Portrait of Achille Devéria* (Undated, c.1845-1857), *Photograph of Auguste Maquet* (c.1879), and anonymous masthead illustration to *Le Charivari*, Vol. 3, No. 50 (19 Feb., 1831). All constituent images are photocopied from original editions held in the Revenant Archive (not sliced up!).

**Send Submissions & Correspondence to [monoclelash@gmail.com](mailto:monoclelash@gmail.com)**



*The development of art and literary consumerist markets, and the professionalisation that accompanied them, did not go uncontested. The first true Zine network – non-commercial pamphlets printed by (often adolescent) amateurs in tiny editions on personal reproduction devices at home to be traded, rather than sold, through a network that spanned both local and postal communities – was known as the **Amateur Press** movement. (The term came nearly a century later) It began forming during the 1860s in America, and in 1876 the **National Amateur Press Association** was founded; self-declared non-professionals traded their home-printed pamphlets through massive mailing lists, like the later mail art and zine networks. This decidedly amateur, yet goofy and revealing, poem was printed by the teenage Clarence Allen in one of the most influential of these early zines, **The Crucible**, that very year, and shows that even before the official Association – and nearly a century before the more confrontational zine culture of Riot Grrl and Punk – an extensive community of underground micropublishing was flourishing; **The Crucible** was one of at least 30 amateur periodicals being published in Washington D.C. at the time, as spoofed here.*

## **A Living Phenomenon (1876)**

*by Clarence G. Allen*

As I walked down the Avenue  
 A day or two ago,  
 I met a boy whose puckered face  
 Gave evidence of woe.  
 His grimy knuckles rubbed his eyes,  
 The tears poured forth apace,  
 And plowed their furrowed path adown  
 His dirty little face.  
 He lifted up his voice to weep –  
 Ah, what a voice he had!  
 I wondered what the trouble was  
 That made him feel so bad.  
 I thought perchance that stomach-ache  
 His youthful form might rack,<sup>[sic]</sup>  
 Or that his father with a gad  
 Had warmed his little back.  
 A kindly impulse stirred my heart,  
 I took him by the hand,

And asked the reason of his grief  
 In accents kind and bland.  
 “Say, whence these tears, my little son,  
 And why this loud lament?  
 Hast thou been lashed about thy stern  
 By some stern pa-ri-ent?  
 “Or has to strong a hankering  
 For lollypop or cake  
 Convulsed thy little abdomen  
 With throes of stomach-ache?”  
 He struggled for a moment hard,  
 And then his sobs controlled;  
 And this is word for word the tale  
 The little outcast told:–  
 “If you were in my place, old chap,  
 You'd holler too, I guess,  
 “I'm the only boy in Washington  
 What hain't no printing press!”

from *The Crucible: Devoted to the Reformation of Amateur Journalism*. Vol. I, No. 3 (March 15, 1876). Self-Published: Washington, D.C. From the collection of the Revenant Archive.



And the lady returned to the pharmacy, saying to the young man:

– You don’t have a sturdier filter?

So then, suddenly triggered by these words, the young Baudelairian declaimed:

Ah, the best philters prescribed  
Are worth less than your idleness,  
And you have learned the caress  
Which can the dead revive!<sup>4</sup>

Legitimately bent out of shape by this interpolative stanza which she had in no way merited, and which, let me tell you, she was far from prepared for, the lady went to recount the thing to her husband, who immediately set off to go administer to the etherial pill-slinger a thrashing black and blue.<sup>5</sup>

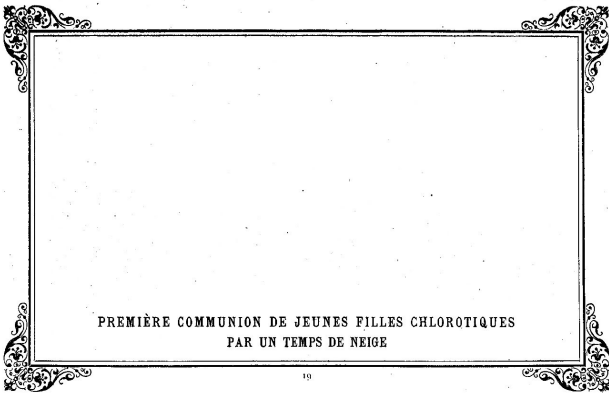
Was I not justified in stating from the start:

Baudelaire’s a must, got it, but you mustn’t have too much?

*Translated by Olchar E. Lindsann*

from Alphonse Allais, *Le Parapluie de l’Escuade*. 1893. Ollendorff: Paris.

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*Allais also created some of the most innovative visual art of his time, including one of the first series of abstract colour-field pictures such as that reproduced here:*  
***First Communion of Young Anaemic Girls in a Time of Snow*** (1883). Within the frame reproduced here was a blank sheet of paper.

4 from Baudelaire’s ‘Chanson d’après-midi’ (Afternoon Song)  
5 *râclée noire*. The English expression, despite its added colour, seems to me closest to Allais’ intention.







## A Rant & Object Lesson in Translation, Respect, & Romanticist Poetics

*A Poem by Théophile Gautier, a Rant by Olchar Lindsann, & Translations by him & Agnes Lee*

“From Apuleius filched”

– Agnes Lee

The following incredibly strange and complex little text by Théophile Gautier offers a fascinating insight into the remarkably refined poetics of quotation created and developed by the Romanticist avant-garde: this poem is an exhortation to research, it is a poetic re-working of Gautier’s social and intellectual milieu. (Compare to Jim Leftwich’s text later in this issue.)

Though (as he says) Gautier has never read Wordsworth, he’s read enough of the second-generation English Romantics to realise that there is a tradition (Byron, Shelley, Hazlitt, et.al.) of *attacking* Wordsworth, and out of solidarity he attacks him as well. Rather brilliantly, he uses the single line he HAS read to spin a bibliographic web of references and resonances, allowing him to use the poem to ridicule one of the *Jeunes-France* group’s own enemies, Jules Janin, who had likewise been attacked by Gautier’s friends including his fellow co-founder, Petrus Borel and Alphonse Karr, from elsewhere in this issue.

There is one earlier translation of this poem by Agnes Lee, which is execrable; I make no grandiose claims for my own translation (I’m still learning the language), and am reticent to hurl stones at this glass house; yet I feel a duty on the part of Théo himself to protest. The publication in *Rêvenance* of experimental translations, transductions, etc. such as Unentesi’s elsewhere in this very issue is testimony to the countless modes of translation available, and to their mutual value, but all demand, *in some form*, a respect for the writer, their text, and their contexts. This case demonstrates that importance.

In Lee’s translation, none of these aspects of the text is respected: some lines are cut out entirely, others change position, and Apuleius is introduced into the poem for no reason at all besides having written a novel with the word ‘ass’ in it – albeit nearly two millennia years earlier. This is a perfect example of what happens when a translator or historian is uninterested

in context, and pretends that ‘The Poem’ can be understood without reference to anything but itself. The problem is that Gautier designed this poem very carefully to be a pathway leading the reader to learn about the specific context he was working within; since (like most people who have dealt with Gautier in English) Lee clearly had no interest in the community he was writing for or the context he cared so much about, she declined to follow his trail of explicit clues and therefore failed even to recognise what the poem is actually *about*. Her translation and the original have been included for comparison.

To be fair, the poem is very complex. Gautier tells us that the line he quotes was found as an epigraph of a book, and he tells us the title. That’s fairly simple, though Lee did not make it even that far (as we shall see). The line is the book’s epigraph, just as Gautier tells us. As I found with a bit more research, the book is written under a pseudonym (as Gautier informs us), the name of a character of Janin’s influential frenetic novel *The Dead Ass and the Guillotined Woman*, just as Gautier says. Anybody dealing with Gautier ought to recognize that title in the poem, given Janin’s long-running battle with Gautier and his comrades.

Instead, Lee bypassed all of this—decided that since Apuleius had written a story called *The Golden Ass* (which admittedly was a favourite of the Romantics), and Gautier mentions the book called *The Dead Ass*, therefore the other novel mentioned, *Louisa*, MUST be by Apuleius, despite the fact that we know Apuleius never wrote such a novel. So, why not eliminate two whole lines from the poem, and then collapse the remains of the four stanzas into two?

Anyhow. Even beyond this careful intertextual architecture, the poem’s mix of a casual, chatty tone, unwieldy technical bibliographic vocabulary, and more traditional poetic language make this a very virtuoso poem, drenched in bottomless irony, and is a hell of a challenge to render into verse in English translation; I’ve made use of a few tricks common in his verse. While I do not doubt that many flaws mar my own rendering, I hope that, at the very least, I haven’t kicked his poem in the stomach like earlier translators – though I’ve perhaps kicked Agnes Lee as Théo kicked Janin and Wordsworth . . .

## A Line of Wordsworth's (1832)

by Théophile Gautier

### *Original French*

#### Un Vers de Wordsworth

*Spires whose silent finger points to heaven.*

Je n'ai jamais rien lu de Wordsworth, le poète  
Dont parle lord Byron d'un ton si plein de fiel,  
Qu'un seul vers ; le voici, car je l'ai dans la tête :  
— *Clochers silencieux montrant du doigt le ciel.* —

Il servait d'épigraphe, et c'était bien étrange,  
Au chapitre premier d'un roman : — *Louisa*, —  
Les douleurs d'une fille, œuvre toute de fange  
Qu'un pseudonyme auteur dans *L'Ane mort* puisa.

Ce vers frais et pieux, perdu dans ce volume  
De lubriques amours, me fit du bien à voir :  
C'était comme une fleur des champs, comme une plume  
De colombe, tombée au cœur d'un borbier noir.

Aussi depuis ce temps, lorsque la rime boite,  
Que Prospéro n'est pas obéi d'Ariel,  
Aux marges du papier je jette, à gauche, à droite,  
Des dessins de clochers montrant du doigt le ciel.

**Translation #1** by Olchar Lindsann

***A Line of Wordsworth's***

*Spires whose silent finger points to heaven.*<sup>6</sup>

I've never ever read the poet Wordsworth, he  
Against whom Lord Byron has let such venom fly,  
'cept one line; here it is, for it comes back to me:  
– *The silent steeples pointing to the sky.* –

It served as epigraph, and twas quite bizarre,  
For the first chapter of the romance: – *Louisa*, –<sup>7</sup>  
A daughter's afflictions, work thick with tar  
Whose pseudonym an author from *The Dead Ass*<sup>8</sup> has seized.

This verse pious and fresh, abandoned in this book  
Of embraces debauched, did me much good to find:  
It was like a wild flower, like plumes shook  
From a dove, upon a bog's black breast reclined.

And ever since that hour, when lame rhymes aren't deft,  
And Ariel does not obey Prospero's cry,  
Across the paper's margins I toss, to right, to left,  
Several sketches of steeples pointing to the sky.

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6 from *The Excursion*, Book VI, line 19.

7 *Louisa, ou les douleurs d'un fille de joie* (Louisa: or, a Prostitute's Pain), by Abbé Tiberge [Regnier-Destourbet].

8 *L'Ane Mort et la Femme guillotinée* (The Dead Donkey and the Guillotined Woman), by Jules Janin, 1829.



*At sixteen years old, Auguste Maquet (aka Augustus Mac-Keat) was a co-founder of the seminal avant-garde **Jeunes-France** collective along with Gautier, Devéria, O'Neddy, Nerval, Clopet, and others; at eighteen he was teaching history at his former school, the prestigious Lycée Charlemagne. In addition to publishing novels under his own name, in 1838 he became a ghost-writer for Alexandre Dumas, and co-wrote **The Three Musketeers** and **The Man in the Iron Mask**. His work on the latter drew directly on his ongoing historical research. Simultaneously he published a series of historical studies on the history of the French prison system, examined from a leftist perspective. His book on the Dungeon of Vincennes appeared the same year as his and Dumas' **the Count of Monte Cristo**, also set largely in prison. His collaborator, Alboize Pujol, was a historian and playwright, and was the director of the Montmartre Theatre; he may have been the son of the Classicist painter Abel Pujol.*

## **Libertines & Revolutionaries in the French Prisons (1844)**

*by Auguste Maquet & Alboize du Pujol*

### **From *History of the Dungeon of Vincennes*:**

Not all prisons are alike. Perhaps there shall come a day when they are all alike; but when we climb back into the past to study this question in the monuments that still remain, we see the traces of force more clearly than those of the law, and we find far more ideas of revenge than ideas of restraint. Moreover the design and construction of prisons are in proportion to the power or pride of their founders. We perceived in the Bastille everything that Aubriot meditated against his enemies. The purpose of this monument was unequivocal. The Bastille could only serve, in the architect's mind, to repulse the enemies from without and to torture them efficiently within whenever the aggressors should become prisoners.

But Vincennes can be considered from other perspectives. It is a consoling notion to the historian, that this imposing mass should not have been tossed up solely for the suffering of men; certainly, the results have been the same for Vincennes as for the Bastille, and while spinning in the vicious circle of despotism, the kings of France ended up erecting prisons here where they had wanted to erect palaces; but Vincennes' beginnings were unconnected to this sombre hue which darkened the stones, when still new, of the Saint-Antoine fortress. Perhaps

even when we carefully strip off these many layers of accumulated chronicles, which form public opinion over time, we see that the palace of Vincennes must owe to this innocent origin having been less despised than the Bastille. The woods and flowers made it through the iron and stone.

That beautiful forest of Vincennes is one of the most ancient to gratify the pride of the Isle-de-France, formerly blanketed in woods. The Romans erected there a little temple as well as a school consecrated to the god Silvanus; the remains of this monument lasted for a long time as a priory in the Vincennes forest . . .

[ . . . ]

The publication of this work [*On Executive Orders and State Prisons*]<sup>9</sup>, which preceded that of Linguet on the Bastille, was more powerful, as it needed to be. More energetic, more eloquent, more logical and above all more sweeping than the latter, that of Mirabeau addresses the entire question of individual liberty, stemming from the usurpation carried out by the kings and the people in power of their subject's persons, undermining the basic rights allocated to them, he commits himself to the resistance and names this sacred revolt whose name is changed into revolution; Linguet limits himself to dealing with the Bastille's administration . . . One often sees, as we have shown, upright in the dungeon's lantern, the eyes fixed upon Paris, that immense town where he seeks the cradle of liberty, tossing them to the wind, in the hope that it would carry them to the Parisians, these words drawn from his *Essay on Despotism*:

We, descendants of those proud Gauls, whose valour was nourished at the breast of liberty and ceaselessly animated by her, who wrested from the roman historians the admission of the dread that they inspired in Rome, so accustomed to seeing its consuls and legions humiliated by this bellicose people, that the proud senate, judge and protector of kings, 'thought only of its security and forgot its glory, whenever it had to combat these redoubtable enemies;' we, beneath the blows from which are cut down the wild despo-

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9 *Des Lettres de Cachet et des prisons d'état*. Published in 1782 after Mirabeau's release. Probably a major influence on Maquet's and his collaborator Pujol's historiography in this project.



tism which makes the universe grovel, we allow to flee from our breast this liberty which gave our fathers their glorious renown and the lengthy period of a vast and flourishing empire! . . . Virtuous men, struggle on behalf of this sacred liberty!

But the echoes were faint of these words which were lost in space; a day arrived nonetheless when, exchanging this tribunal for that of the National Assembly, his powerful voice resounded throughout Europe, encouraged the people and made the kings blanch. The great orator then loved to recall the essays which he had composed on the summit of the dungeon, and blessed the orator's apprenticeship, begun in chains.

The *Executive Orders*<sup>10</sup> were not the only work that Mirabeau composed during his detention. Since Mr. Lenoir had authorised his correspondence with Sophie, his passion for her seemed to have redoubled its violence means of privation and satisfaction. Tormented by the sensory tumult that his strong physical constitution exacerbated, he devoted himself to a work which became the reflection of everything he experienced as it passed. The commentaries of don Clamet on the Bible inspired him with the idea to entitle it: *The Erotica-Biblion. It assembles within a single framework all the bizarre tastes of men, all the means they have employed to diversify their pleasures, outwitting nature and creating new passions.* This unique and original work required great research which renders it quite authoritative; but the obscene style which prevailed there revealed the author's motives too much. They can only be excused by his particular situation, and we had to mention it in order to reveal Mirabeau's constitution; he merited furthermore, on behalf of one of his friends, the following letter: "Necessity," said he, "ought not force a man to lack respect for himself, and it is not poison that he needs to sell to earn his bread."

[ . . . ]

Mirabeau had as a companion in captivity the famous count de Sade, about whom he had already been questioned in the Bastille. We know that the cynical writings and actions, the brazen libertinage, the famous meal of cantharides in Marseille,<sup>11</sup> finally going as far as incest,

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<sup>10</sup> *Lettres de cachet*

<sup>11</sup> Sade had been found guilty (in absentia) of sodomy, outrage to public morals, and attempt-

were the motives for his captivity. This prisoner, who since the 30<sup>th</sup> of October was incarcerated successively in the house of Chauffour, in that of Saumer, in the Conciergerie, in Pierre-en-Clise, was locked up in Vincennes on February 13<sup>th</sup> 1777; he remained there until February 29<sup>th</sup> 1784, at which point he was transferred to the Bastille, where we tell his story.

**from *History of the Bastille*:**

The Bastille's last order of extradition that we find on the registers is that of the marquis de Sade. This powerful lord, placed in Vincennes in the first place *for inhuman experiments that they accused him of having done in Provence upon living individuals*, as put down in the column for causes of detention, was transferred to the Bastille, February 29<sup>th</sup> 1784, with the count de Solanges, de Wythe and others, when they disgorged this prison. The marquis de Sade, who, if he was guilty of the crime that they accused him of, merited a severe punishment, was on the contrary treated with less severity than the others. They permitted him to wallpaper his cell, which was the third room in the Liberty tower; they permitted him moreover, upon his payment, to have a good time. He also enjoyed the favor of taking strolls on the towers. Toward the middle of the month of June 1789 the troubles which had taken place in the faubourg Saint-Antoine, around the Bastille, concerned [the prison's governor] Mr. de Lounay, who subsequently took the precaution of having the canon loaded and forbidding the marquis de Sade's strolls on the towers. He, scarcely satisfied with the reasons given to him for prompting this interdiction, lost his head at the governor, and warned the aforementioned Lassinotte, his turnkey, that if in one hour he did not have a favourable response to the request to the governor with which he charged him, he would stir up a riot that would rouse all Paris. The governor persisted in his refusal, and the marquis de Sade persisting in his disquisition, took a tin pipe which ended in a funnel and which had been made in order for him

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ed poisoning – the latter stemming from his feeding prostitutes a popular aphrodisiac, cantharides (or Spanish Fly).





*The poet Philothée O'Neddy (aka Théophile Dondey) was a co-founder of the **Jeunes-France** or **Bouzingo** group along with Devéria, and one of the most influential writers of the very early avant-garde. This poem from his seminal (and only) collection of poetry, **Fire and Flame**, embodies the libidinal, neuralgic, gothic energy of Frenetic Romanticism, from which Baudelaire, Lautréamont, the Decadents and Surrealists drew heavy inspiration, and includes poems such as "Spleen", "Dandyism", and "Neuralgia", which became key terms and themes in 19<sup>th</sup> Century counterculture. The poem's epigraphs cite his fellow Bouzingos Alphonse Brot and Théophile Gautier; refer to the translation and commentary on Gautier's own use of epigraphs on pp 10-13. The first full-length English-language anthology of O'Neddy's work is currently under preparation.*

## Succubus (1833)

*by Philothée O'Neddy*

@@@@@@

"She was worth a whole seraglio!"

Théophile Gautier

"What! you wish to delay the moment of happiness!"

Alphonse Brot.

~~~~~

I dreamed only, last night, storms splendidly endowed,  
Upon the pitching floor of a salon of clouds,  
By terror and love relentlessly contorted,  
With a Bohemian girl slim and lustful there  
In a waltz danced in the air,  
Drunk on madness, I was transported.

As if my arms enclosed her unreal waist!  
And a breast by supple velvet was embraced  
Oh! as if I inhaled her provoking scents!  
And how I was inflamed, when, abrupt and savage,  
The wind unfurled around my visage  
Her brown locks hurled in torrents!

Surely there inhered pleasure and poetry  
In the infernal spasm, the chill frenzy,  
Luxurious thrill, corroding it to blight,  
Which gnawed, tormented our shuddering souls,  
Twisting so much on the clouds' pliant folds  
That underfoot we felt their flight!

Oh! Pity! — I am dying — Pity! my sylph neuralgic!  
Said I in a voice expiring, electric.

Observe — my whole frame throbbing incandescent —  
Come, come, we'll scale a star, secrete ourselves inside;  
— And there, shall your beauty unveiled cease to hide  
From my fervent adolescence!

Mad laughter seizes her... such discordant laughs,  
Fit to spread over the satanic repast  
— I was convulsed, my teeth were spitting stridence —  
Suddenly, no more sprite of lustful ablution!  
Naught in my arms but a skeleton  
Flaunting all her repugnance!

Oh! Thus your love delights your dancer's interest!  
Whispered her rasping voice. And her osseous chest  
Panted with her desire, palpitated with lust.  
And always, always then, from cloud to cloud,  
With her by the torrent endowed  
I was upthrust in my disgust!



from Célestin Nanteuil to Léon Clopet; montalais, June 2, 1845.

~~~~~  
*Order of Service*

Sir Léon, commander in chief of the Clog and second in command of the Chick,<sup>12</sup> shall report next Saturday for Bougival at half past four at the railroad upon the right-hand side. Having arrived in Bougival, he shall be recognised by the captain of the Frog<sup>13</sup>, who shall request that he consume the soup which shall appear upon the table at precisely six at the abode of Sousent.<sup>14</sup> He shall encounter those known as Arcy, Français, Leleux, and Baron, together with the aforementioned captain.<sup>15</sup> He shall retire to bed at a very goodly hour after having been conveyed in the same fashion and arrive as early as possible on Sunday morning in view of the cape of Bellevue.

[Signed:]

The Captain of the Frog, Célestin Nanteuil

*Translated by Olchar E. Lindsann*

From *Lettres Autographes composant la collection de M. Alfred Bovet*. ed. Alfred Bovet & Étienne Charavay. 1885. Librairie Charavay Frères: Paris. p. 606.

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12 *sabot*, wooden shoe still worn by French peasants at the time, and *Cocotte*, “chicken” but used for a variety of affectionate slang ranging from a cute child to that corresponding to the chauvinist “chick” in American or “hen” in the UK.

13 A printmaking pun: *grenouille* is also a term for the part of a printing press which receives and distributes the pressure.

14 *chez Sousent*. This individual has yet to be identified.

15 François-Louis Français, a landscape painter associated with the Barbizon school; Adolphe Pierre Leleux, another painter who counted several other ex-bouzingo among his friends, including Nerval and Gautier; and the romanticist illustrator Henri Baron, whose premier as a painter had been a collaborative canvas with Français, and was a very frequent collaborator with Nanteuil on various illustration projects; Arcy (or d’Arcy) remains unidentified.





***Gargantua**, by Célestin Nanteuil (Undated, c.1840–50). In this avant-Romanticist “portrait” of Rabelais' medieval satirical character, Gargantua's head and body has been replaced with a scene of the industrializing city of Paris as a collapsing colonial vortex drawing in people and goods from across the world. The skewed perspective, refusal of illusionistic depth and scale, and the compositional emphasis on the frame reflect Nanteuil's radicalisation of medieval aesthetics.*

## Vers Dorés / Golden Tooth

by Gérard de Nerval, mutagenic (mis)translation by Retorico Unentesi

*Unentesi-the-translator can be found (along with many other marginal characters) at the intersection of an improvisational historiography (always in part a partially-regretted nostalgia for cherished hallucinations) and an (over)determined poetics of exigent anxiety. Our pasts are always already present in our dreaded futures. We do not locate ourselves under these names in any aspect of tripartite time, whether sequenced or layered (as the existential dreams of zen and lyric poetry), unless of course you wish to acknowledge a certain variety of fabrication as "being in the moment".*

### VERS DORÉS (1845)

by Gérard de Nerval

Eh quoi ! tout est sensible !□

*Pythagore.*□

□□ Homme, libre penseur ! te crois-tu seul pensant  
Dans ce monde où la vie éclate en toute chose ?  
Des forces que tu tiens ta liberté dispose,  
Mais de tous tes conseils l'univers est absent.

Respecte dans la bête un esprit agissant :  
Chaque fleur est une âme à la Nature éclore ;  
Un mystère d'amour dans le métal repose ;  
« Tout est sensible ! » Et tout sur ton être est puissant.

Crains, dans le mur aveugle, un regard qui t'épie :  
À la matière même un verbe est attaché...  
Ne la fais pas servir à quelque usage impie !

Souvent dans l'être obscur habite un Dieu caché ;  
Et comme un œil naissant couvert par ses paupières,  
Un pur esprit s'accroît sous l'écorce des pierres !



*For several decades, Jim Leftwich has been among the most active nodes in the Eternal Network – as the author of countless books of experimental writing (cf. **Doubt, An Ecology**) and theory (cf. **Rascible & Kempt**, Vols. 1–3), as publisher (cf. **Xtant, Juxta**, and **TLPress**), in the generation of new forms (including the much-contested Asemic Writing and Trashpo), as organiser, and as a prolific mail artist. He is a motivating force in the vibrant avant-garde community in Roanoke, Virginia, where **Rêvenance** is published. Leftwich's meditation on avant-chronicling addresses how we provide the materials for future histories; these ideas are illustrated in the accompanying reviews of events at Roanoke's Art Rat Studios, first published in the Roanoke Post-NeoAbsurdist zine **The InAppropriated Press**. Richards' poem, which follows, addresses the same necessity.*

## **another series of love songs in another wasteland (2017)**

*by Jim Leftwich*

Obviously diary entries, poems, improvisations and extrapolations, research notes, speculations, collages of quotes and other pilfered/proliferated texts, self-skeptical meditative anxieties written around the looming inevitability of an actual event, notes as guard rails, barricades and fallout shelters, anti-poems, reflections on subjective memories of collective dreams – any of my writings, in fact, whether preliminaries or post-scripts, cannot be actual components of actual events, now or then, past for anyone or future for everyone, they can only be a record of myself, circling an event in words, unable to name any event myself, unable to describe a position which is my position vis a vis any event, past or future, real or imagined, existing in its multiplicity as from the outset experientially fictional, to whatever degree, producing almost immediately, almost as a simultaneous parallel event, a nostalgia for itself – offering itself, to anyone who is willing to write themselves into the record of an event, as a presence no matter how alienated within the event as it was unfolding, as potentially a text, several texts, one certainly prior to any actual event, as research, preparation, anxiety and desire, one during (which will occur mostly as notes taken in the mind – remember this sequence, remember this phrase, remember these instruments and props), and one after the event ...which is perhaps permitted, or even desired, however weakly, by someone other than the writer... by maybe two people other than myself, if it is even safe to assert that much –

this writing, then, as a refusal to define itself, to say, with Olson, "in this place is a poem which I have not been able to write," and to leave it at that, another series of love songs in another wasteland.



*July 12 @ Art Rat*

Brad Chriss and Megan Blafas-Chriss: a meat poem from Dune with Megan on bass.  
Brad reads a slice of Dune: "the known universe is the most precious consciousness and its navigators." he puts some meat in his mouth and reads a little more: "that it through remains the juice warning." Megan tickles the bass and thumps a short percussive antmelody. Brad stuffs a little more meat in his mouth: "is four mela tos crout fou ex." Megan plucks a hairpin skatchbox thumb-piano shuffle in E-flat major. Brad plans the knowing messiah duplex of meat experience awakened in his mouth: "spice kn pa se so growls bort brot cattle smelling tastes tl reac nose secr ha la mertl shoh lar narrow students and their mother." the known universe spells spice as a detour from the wound of bloodlines. you are ready to eat the fight of water. arrives with knives. under the vacuum controls the carrot but cannot control the car-om. weird mustard and thumping launch upon the steak.

*July 12 @ Art Rat*

Mister Thursday: many exaggerated thank yous as prefatory remarks. he reads a piece of a text vaguely about maybe him thinking he's better than them while they think he shouldn't think that. maybe he's right, or would be in a Beckett play, and maybe this is a Beckett play. and maybe it's not, maybe it's something else entirely, in which case he's wrong, and they're right, he shouldn't be thinking any of this, least of all the previous sentence. a violent coughing wheezing phlegm-chewing fit seizes upon him, and he hacks a yellow soldier onto the warehouse floor. he reads a little more from the text which probably isn't a radio play by Beckett or anyone else. another choking hacking phlegm-gnawing fit is seized upon him, and he spits

out another grey solider onto the surfictional tarmac. this dire scene repeats itself repeatedly. he hocks a bloody Nutcracker doll without the blood. he prepares for a final grand puking, but the bag of brown or brownish-green soldiers is ingrown to his suitcase, is tangled in the sleeve of his triangular shirtwaist waistcoat. he complains that the maneuver went much more smoothly in rehearsal, crashing through the fourth wall into the fifth estate. he empties a plastic sandwich bag onto the studio dance floor. winter soldiers the colors of a subdued rainbow spill out over a copy of Kafka's *The Trial*. the visual syntax is intact. the book is a deracinated anti-assemblage in which words are toy soldiers. we have our marching orders: left to right, top to bottom, through the book and out into the street.

### ***July 12 @ Art Rat***

Tomislav Butkovic & Olchar Lindsann: squiggly soundwaves scribbled in thin air refurbish the aural purview. dusty hertzsquawk remangler. thudburping squink demuddler flanged by metamodern pingo. noise retains the syntax of a harmolodic insurgency. extrapolated throat-mappings from the Dufrêne territorial tongue and larynx training manual. historiographic letteral Oedipus, within and without you, while you are watching yourself listen in the mirrors of mostly your own mind. the corpse flickers in fragments and floats away from the shadows of its own mist-remembered breathing. to have redacted such letteral orb spider is to have felt one's mind colonized by the Situationist haruspices of everyday life. electronic gurps and burlges, crench snaggle, an almost minimalist music for pavement saw and kleenex refrigerator lawn sprinklers circling their wheelbarrows in the rain. by now you should know all of this is beautiful and courageous, and you if you are reading this should also know how to use it as a talisman and a banishing ritual. syntax = synapse. subletteral sound poetry is an isometric mnemonics.

Manifesto from *The In-Appropriated Press*, No. 9, Aug–Nov. 2017. mOnocle-Lash: Roanoke, VA.  
Reviews from *In-Appropriated Press*, No. 8, July–Aug. 2017. Roanoke, VA.



# **The Death of a College**

## **In Memory of Dartington College of Arts**

*by Sam Richards*

*Dartington College of Arts did not need to close. Its closure was political. For details read Richards' book, **Dartington College of Arts: Learning by Doing**:  
<https://www.amazon.co.uk/Dartington-College-Arts-Learning-Doing/dp/0956170544>*

The students ran naked,  
Absolutely naked,  
From one end of the town to the other -  
A revealed-all dozen  
On that cold evening in December  
Charging and barging through the bustling crowds  
Of the Christmas street market.  
The students ran naked -  
Young women and men in the all together  
But for a rucksack that carried their clothes  
For when they finished their collaborative  
Frozen streak of protest  
At the coming closure  
Of their college of arts.  
Was it really that long ago?  
Seven years and more?  
Right here in this town  
There were bar staff that pulled pints  
And discussed Dadaism after hours,  
Postmodernity (for what its worth),  
Performance.

Waitresses that dashed in from their dance class,  
Threw on an apron  
And took your order  
Gracefully.  
People talking bollocks  
People talking insight  
Irritating and grand  
Nonsense and sense  
With some uncertainty  
As to which was which.  
Marx and Foucault  
Tristram Shandy and Alfred Jarry  
SHITTER! SHITTER!  
And Wittgenstein the miserable git,

Is the novel dead?  
Is easel painting over?  
Why write a symphony?  
Why close a college  
Where these things mattered  
Urgently  
Politically?

Where that which is held in the empty hand  
To speak or not speak  
Is pitted against the iron pitiless will of spreadsheets  
The fetid demon who hears and looks  
But cannot listen or see  
Always wins in the bitter end.  
When performed sound and silence disappear  
Into the instant past  
Leaving behind no measurable value  
The numbers will always crunch



In the pugilism of accountancy  
With biased referees  
Who see only all that never glitters  
In dull columns with no breath,  
Shamefully barren  
In their lack of imagination.

So the college closed  
In a cynical blaze of misappropriated words  
Such as “relocation”, “merger”,  
And nothing remotely like it  
Has emerged on the campus  
Where the earth is scorched  
And the past now silent.

That act of murder,  
That assassination of the innocents  
Leaves our town  
Gazing into the entrepreneurial swamp  
Where everything sacred  
Turns into smart enterprise:  
Coffee shops, gift shops, tapas –  
Art shop – gone  
Paper shop – gone  
Tourist information – gone.

The town will rise from the ashes  
Now blown everywhere on the wind  
No doubt  
But where was once the campus  
Is now the silence  
Of being erased from history  
Before your very eyes.





# New from mOnocle-Lash

***Soul-roulette: Transmutations of Nerval***, by *Gérard de Nerval and Retorico Unentesi*. Experimental and 'pataphysical transductions of poetry by the early avant-gardist Gérard de Nerval, rendered by the mysterious Retorico Unentesi of the Institute for Study & Application, Kohoutenberg. Padded out with extensive front-matter by eminent dead persons and an epic appendix elaborating & tangentiating upon the seams & merging of translation & poetic creation.

***Sound Rituals***, by *Jim Leftwich & billy bob beamer*. "...an evocative apparatus that generates images in the ear and auditory revelations for the eyes. In a frequently disjointed consciousness reflective of the the exploding hybrids we all live a grand sweeping music arrives that compels us to reorient outside the delusion of self and adapt to worlds superimposed, alternatively transparent and opaque, full of sudden illumination and fluttering shards fading into some nameless space only this poetry can describe. At a time when even the concept of truth seems forever elusive in this liturgy we are offered the opportunity to discover firsthand and immediately what pure unfiltered experience reveals." – Jake Berry.

*Forward by John M. Bennett*

## In Preparation for the mOnocle-Lash Revenants Series

The Revenant Series imprint publishes translations, histories, and new editions of works related to the 19<sup>th</sup> Century avant-garde, including the Romanticist, Frenetic, Occultist, Utopian Socialist, Bohemian, Parnassian, Anarchist, Decadent, and Symbolist communities.

Coming Summer 2018: ***Cinders from 'Fire and Flame'***, by *Philothée O'Neddy*. New translations from the signature 1833 collection of the Bouzingo co-founder, one of the most influential, yet forgotten, writers of the Romanticist avant-garde. An appetizer for a forthcoming full-length anthology.

***Long-Term Anthologies in Preparation:*** Estimated 2019 Release: *The Frenetic Feminine* (Anthology of Female founders of the avant-garde, c.1820–40), *Incoherent Footprints of the Rabid Black Cat* (Anthology of the Hydropathes, Incoherents, and Chat Noir groups c.1880–1900) & an anthology focusing on the role of dancing in the Romanticist Avant-Garde, c.1830–50. Estimated 2020 Release: *Tales of the Bouzingo* (Anthology of the first self-declared Avant-Garde collective, 1829–34).

***Eventual Projects under Consideration:*** Who knows what order or schedule? Vocal enthusiasm or Volunteers can affect it: Forgotten Avant-Gardists from the *Annales Romantiques* / *The Occult Avant-Garde 1830–1850* / Alphonse Karr, *Stingers from Les Gûepes* / Thomas Hood, *Poems on Poverty* / *The Battle of 'Hernani'* / Gautier, *Politics*, & *the Cult of Art* / etc. etc.

Jan., A.Da. 102 / A.H. 188 / 2018 C.E.

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